THE ADVENTURE OF

## THE BLUE CARBUNCLE.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Copyright, 1892, by A. Comm Doyle.

I had called upon my friend Sherlock Holmes upon the second morning after Christmas, with the intention of wishing him the compliments of the season. He was lounging upon the sofa in a purple dressing gown, a pipe rack within his reach upon the left, and a pile of morning papers littered about, all over and around him. Beside the couch was a wooden chair, and on the angle of the back hung a very seedy and disreputable hard felt hat, much the worse for wear, and cracked in several places. A lens and a forceps lying upon the seat of the chair suggested that the hat had been suspended in this manner for the purpose of ex-

amination.
"You are engaged," said I. "Perhaps I in-

terrupt you?"
"Not at all. I am glad to have a friend with whom I can discuss my results. The matter is a perfectly trivial one," he jerked his thumb in the direction of the old hat, "but there are soints in connection with it which are not entirely devoid of interest, and even of instruc-

I seated myself in his armchalr and warmed my hands before his crackling fire, for a sharp frost had set in and the windows were thick with the ice crystals. "I suppose," I remarked, that, homely as it looks, this thing has some deadly story linked onto it-that it is the clue which will guide you in the solution of some

mystery and the punishment of some crime." 'No. no! No erime." said Sherlock Holmes laughingly. "Only one of those whimsical little incidents which will happen when you have four million human beings all jostling such other within the space of a few square miles. Amid the action and reaction of so dense a swarm of humanity, every possible combination of events may be expected to take place, and many a little problem will be presented which may be striking and bizarre without being criminal. We have already had experience of such."
"Bo much so," I remarked. "that of the last

six cases which I have added to my notes three have been entirely free of any legal

"Procisely. You allude to my attempt to recover the Irene Adler papers, to the singular case of Miss Mary Sutherland, and to the adrenture of the man with the twisted lip. Well. I have no doubt that this small matter will fall into the same innocent category. You know Peterson, the commissionaire?'

"It is to him that this trophy belongs." "It is his hat."
"No, no, he found it. Its owner is unknown.

I beg that you will look upon it not as a battered billy cock, but as an intellectual problem. And first as to how it came here: it arrived upon Christmas morning in company with a good fat goose, which is, I have no doubt. reasting at this moment in front of Peterson's fire. The facts are these: About 4 o'clock on Christmas morning Peterson, who, as you know, is a very honest fellow, was returning from some small jollification and was making his way homeward down Tottenham Court

road. In front of him he saw in the gaslight a tallish man walking with a slight stagger and carrying a white goose slung over his shoulder. row broke out between this stranger and little knot of roughs. One of the latter knocked off the man's hat, on which he raised his stick to defend himself, and, swinging it over his head smashed the shop window behind him. Peteron had rushed forward toprotect the stranger from his assailants, but the man, shocked at having broken the window, and seeing an official-looking person in uniform rushing toward him, dropped his goose, took to his heels. and vanished amid the labyrinth of small streets which lie at the back of Tottenham

Court road. The roughs had also fied at the appearance of Peterson, so that he was left in cossession of the field of battle, and also of the spoils of victory, in the shape of the buttered hat and a most umimpeachable Christmas goosa." "Which surely he restored to their owner?" "My dear fellow, there lies the problem. It is true that "For Mr. Henry Baker" was

printed upon a small card, which was tied to the bird's left leg, and it is also true that the initials H. B. are legible upon the lining of this hat, but as there are some thousand of Bakers and some hundreds of Henry Bakers in this city of ours, it is not easy to restore lost prop-

erty to any one of them." What, then, did Peterson do?"

"He brought round both hat and goose to me on Christmas morning, knowing that even the smallest problems are of interest to me. The goose we retained until this morning, when there were signs that, in spite of th slight frost, it would be well that it should be eaten without unnecessary delay. Its finder has carried it off, therefore, to fulfil the ultimate destiny of a goose, while I continue to retain the hat of the unknown gentleman who lost his Christmas dinner." Did he not advertise?"

Then what clue could you have as to his

'Only as much as we can deduce." "From his hat?" "Precisely."

"But you are joking. What can you gather

from this old battered felt?" Here is my lens. You know my methods What can you gather yourself as to the indiriduality of the man who has worn this arti-

I took the tattered object in my hands and turned it over rather ruefully. It was a very ordinary black hat, of the usual round shape, hard, and much the worse for wear. The lining had been of red silk, but was a good sal discolored. There was no maker's name. but as Holmes had remarked, the initials H. were scrawled upon one side. It was pierced in the brim for a hat securer, but the elastic was missing. For the rest it was cracked, exceedingly dusty, and spotted several places, although there seemed to have been some attempt to hide the discolored patches by smearing them with ink.

I can see nothing," said I, handing it back to my friend. 'On the contrary, Watson, you can see everything. You fail, however, to reason from what you see. You are too timid in drawing your

Then pray tell me what it is that you can infer from this hat."

He picked it up and gazed at it in the peculiar introspective fashion which was characterstie of him.

"It is, perhaps, less suggestive than it might have been." he remarked. "And yet re are a few inferences which are very disduct, and a few others which represent at least strong balance of probability. That the man was highly intellectual is, of course, obvious upon the face of it, and also that he was fairly well to do within the last three years, although e has now fallen upon evil days. He had fore light, but has less now than formerly, pointing to a moral retrogression, which, when taken with the decline of his fortunes, seems to indicate some evil influence, probably drink, at work upon him. This may account also for the

obvious fact that his wife has ceased to love

My dear Holmes!" "He has, however, retained some degree of self-respect," he continued, disregarding my remonstrance. "He is a man who leads a

sedentary life, goes out little, is out of training irely, is middle-aged, has grizzled hair which he has had cut within the last few days, and which he anoints with lime-cream. Those are the more patent facts which are to be deduced from his hat. Also, by the way, that it a comment improbable that he has gas inid in his house. You are certainly joking, Holmes."

The second of th

"Not in the least. Is it possible that even now when I give you these results you are unable to see how they are attained?" "I have no doubt that I am very stupid, but I must confess that I am unable to follow you. For example, how did you deduce that this man was intellectual?"

For answer Holmes elapped the hat upon his head. It came right over the forehead and settled upon the bridge of his nose. "It is a question of cubic capacity," said he: "a man with so large a brain must have something in

The decline of his fortunes, then?

"This hat is three years old. These flat brims curied at the edge came in then. It is a hat of the very best quality. Look at the band of ribbed silk, and the excellent lining. If this man could afford to buy so expensive a hat three years ago, and has had no het since then he has assuredly gone down in the world." "Well, that is clear enough, certainly. But how about the foresight and the moral retro-

gression ?" Sherlock Holmes laughed. "Here is the foresight," said he, putting his finger upon the little disk and loop of the hat securer." They are never sold upon hats. If this man ordered one, it is a sign of a certain amount of foresight, since he went out of his way to take this precaution against the wind. But, since we see that he has broken the clastic and has not troubled to replace it, it is obvious that he has less foresight now than formerly, which is a distinct proof of a weakening nature. On the other hand, he has endeavored to conceal some of these stains upon the felt by daubing them with ink, which is a sign that he has not

entirely lost his self-respect."
"Your reasoning is certainly plausible." "The further points, that he is middle-aged, that his hair is grizzled, that it has been re-cently cut, and that he uses lime-cream, are all to be gathered from a close examination of the lower part of the lining. The lens discloses a large number of hair ends, clean cut by the seissors of the barber. They all appear to be adhesive, and there is a distinct odor of lime-cream. This dust, you will observe, is not the gritty gray dust of the street, but the fluffy brown dust of the house, showing that it has been hung up indoors most of the time, while the marks of moisture upon the inside are proof positive that the wearer perspired very freely, and could therefore hardly be in he best of training."
"But his wife? You said that she had ceased

the best of training."

"But his wife? You said that she had ceased to love him."

"This hat has not been brushed for weeks, when I see you, my dear Watson, with a week's accumulation of dust upon your hat, and when your wife allows you to go out in such a state, I shall fear that you also have been unfortunate enough to lose your wife's affection."

"But he might he a benchelor."

"Nay, he was bringing home the goose as a peace offering to his wife. Remember the card upon the bird's leg.

"You have an answer to everything; but how on earth do you deduce that the gas is not laid on in his house?"

"One tallow stain or even two might come by chance, but when I see no less than five I think there can be little doubt that the individual must be brought into frequent contact with burning tallow—waks up stairs at night probably with his hat in one hand and a guttering candle in the other. Anyhow, he never got a tallow stain from a gas jet. Are you satisfied?"

"Well, it is very ingenious," said L laughing: but since, as you said just now, there has been no crime committed, and no harm done save the loss of a goose, all this seems to be rather a waste of energy. "Sherlock Holmes had opened his mouth to reply when the door flew open, and Peterson, this commissionaire, rushed into the apartment with flushed cheeks and the face of a man who is dazed with excitement. "The goose, Mr. Holmes! The goose, sir!" he gasped.

"En, what of it, tien? Has it returned to life and liapped off through the kitchen window?" Holmes twisted himself round upon the sofa to get a fairer view of the man's excited face.

"See here, sir. See what my wife found in

the sofa to get a fairer view of the man's excited face.

"See here, sir. See what my wife found in its crop." He held out his hand and displayed upon the centre of the palm a brilliantly scintillating blue stone, rather smaller than a bean in size, but of such purity and radiance that it twinkled like an electric point in the dark hollow of his hand.

She lock Holmes sat up with a whistle. "By Jove! Feterson." said he, "this is treasure trove indeed. I suppose that you know what you have got?"

could but recover the gem."

"It was lost, if I remember right, at the Hotel Cosmopolitan," I remarked.

"Precisely so, on the 12d of December, just five days ago. John forner, a plumber, was accused of having abstracted it from the lady's pewie case. The evidence against him was so strong that the case has been referred to the assizes. I have some account of the matter hera. I believe." He rummaged amid his newspapers, glancing over the dates, until at newspapers, glancing over the dates, until at read the following paragraph:

"Horet, Cosmopolitas Mew. He manner.—John Horner, 25, clumber, was brought up upon the fed in the charge of having upon the 22d inst. abstracted from the jewel case of the Countess of Morear the valuable gem known as the 'Bue Carbunele.' James Ryder, upper attendant at the hotel, gave his evidence to the effect that he had shown florner up to the dressing room of the Countess of Morear upon the day of the robbery in order that he might solder the second har of the gradien which was loose. He had shown florner up to the dressing room of the Good was loose and had shown florner up to the dressing room of the Good which was loose. He had shown florner up to the dressing room of the Good which was loose. He had shown florner up to the dressing that he had shown florner when was loose. He had flanily been called away. On returning he found that Horner had disappeared, that the bursaul had been forced open, and that the small morococ casket in which, as it afterward transpired, the Countess was accustomed to keep her jewel, was lying empty upon the dressing table. Ryder instantly gave the alarm, and Horner was arrested the same evoning, but the stone could not be found either upon his person or in his rooms. Catherine Cusack, maid to the Countess was accustomed to keep her jewel, was lying empty upon the dressing table. Ryder instantly gave the alarm, and to not be roomed to the counter of the south of the counter of the south of the counter of the south of the counter of the counter of the c

When the commissionaire had gone Holmes took up the stone and held it against the light. "It's a bonny thing," said he. "Just see how it gliats and sparkles, Of course it is a nucleus and focus of crime. Every good stone is. They are the devil's pet baits. In the larger and older jewels every facet may stand for a bloody deed. This stone is not yet twenty years old. It was found in the banks of the Amoy River in Korthern China, and is remarkable in having

every characteristic of the carbuncie, save that it is blue in shade, instead of ruby red. In spite of its youth it has already a sinister history. There have been two murders, a vitrol-throwing, a suicide, and several robberies brought about for the sake of this forty-grain weight of crystallized charcoal. Who would think that so pretty a toy would be a purveyor to the gallows and the prison? I'll look it up in my strong box now, and drop a line to the Countess to say that we have it."

"Do you think that this man Horner is innocent?"

"Do you think that this man Horner is innocent?"

"I cannot tell."

"Well, then, do you imagine that this other one, Henry Baker, had anything to do with the matter?

"It is, I think, much more likely that Henry Baker is an absolutely innocent man, who had no idea that the bird which he was carrying was of considerably more value than if it were made of solid gold. That, however, I shall determine by a very simple test if we have an answer to our advertisement."

"And you can do nothing until then?"

"Nothing."

"In that case I shall continue my professional round, but I shall come back in the evening at the hour you have mentioned, for I should like to see the solution of so tangled a business."

"Very glad to see you. I dine at 7. There is

evening at the hour you have mentioned, for I should like to see the solution of so tangled a business."

"Very glad to see you. I dine at 7. There is a woodcock, I believe. By the way, in view of recent occurrences, perhaps, I ought to ask Mrs. Hudson to examine its cron."

I had been delayed at a case, and it was a little after half past 6 when I found myself in Baker street once more. As I approached the house I saw a tall man in a Scotch bonnet with a coat which was buttoned up to his chin, waiting outside in the semicircle of light which was thrown from the fanlight. Just as I came up the door was opened, and we were shown up together to Holmes's room.

"Mr. Henry Baker, I believe," said he, rising from his arm chair and greeting his visitor with the easy air of geniality which he could so readily assume. "Fray take this chair by the fire, Mr. laker. It is a cold night, and I observe that your circulation is more adapted for summer than for winter. Ha! Watson, you have just come at the right time. Is that your hat, Mr. Baker?

"Yes, sir, that is undoubtedly my hat."

He was a large man, with rounded shoulders, a massive head, and a broad, intelligent face, sloping down to a pointed beard of grizzled brown. Atouch of red in nose and checks, with a slight tremor of his extended hand, recalled Holmes's surmise as to his habits. His rusty black frock coat was buttoned right up in front, with the collar turned up, and his lank wrists profruded from his sleeves without a sign of culf or shirt. He spoke in a slow staccato fashion, choosing his words with care, and gave the impression generally of a man of learning and letters, who had had ill usage at the lands of fortune. "We have retained these things for some days," said Holmes," because we expected to see an alvertisement from you giving your address. I am at a loss to know now why you did not advertise."

Our visitor gave a rather shame-faced laugh. "Shillings have not been so plentiful with me Our visitor gave a rather shame-faced laugh.

am at a loss to know now why you did not advertise."

Our visitor gave a rather shame-faced laugh. "Shillings have not been so plentiful, with me as they once were," he remarked. "I had no doubt that the gang of roughs who assaulted me had carried off both my hat and the bird. I did not care to spend more moner in a hopeless attempt at recovering them."

"Very naturally. By the way, about the bird; we were compelled to eat it."

"To cat it!" Our visitor half rose from his chair in his excitement.

"Yes, it would have been of no use to any one had we not done so. But I presume that this other goose upon the sideboard, which is about the same weight and perfectly fresh, will answer your purpose equally well."

"Ol. certainly, certainly," answered Mr. Baker, with a sigh of relief.

"Of course, we still have the feathers, legs, crop, and so on of your own bird, so if you wish—"

The man burst into a hearty laugh. "They might be useful to me as relies of my adventure," said he, "but beyond that I can hardly see what use the dejecta membra of my late acquaintance are going to be to me. No, sir, I think that, with your permission, I will confine my attention to the excellent bird which I perceive upon the sideboard."

Sherlock Holmes glanced sharply across at me with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Here is your hat, then, and there your bird," said he. "By the way, would it bore you tell me where you got the other one from? I am somewhat of a fowl faceler, and I have soldom seen a better grown goose."

"Certainly, sir," said Baker, who had risen and tucked his newly gained property unier his arm. "There are a few of us who frequent the Alpha Inn, near the Museum. We are to be found in the Museum itself during the day, you understand. This year our good host, Windigate by name, instituted a goose clut, by which, on consideration of some few pence every wook, we were each to receive a bird at Christmas. My pence were duly paid, and the rest is familiar to you. I am much indebted to you, sir, for a Scotch bonnet is fi at hough it were putty."

as though it were putty."

s more than a precious stone. It cuts as though it were putty."

s more that a precious stone. It's the streeting stone s

"Oh, it is a matter of no importance, but I don't know why you should be so warm over such a trific."

"Warm! You'd be as warm, maybe, if you were as pestered as I am. When I pay good money for a good article there should be an end of the business; but it's where are the geese, and who did you sell the geese to, and what will you take for the geese. One would think they were the only geese in the world to hear the fuss that is made over them."

"Well. I have no connection with any other people who have been making inquiries," said Holmes, carclessly. "If you won't tell us the bet is off, that is all; but I'm slways ready to back my opinion on fowls, and I have a fiver on it that the bird I ate is country bred."

"Well, then you've lost your fiver, for it's town bred. "snapped the salesman." It's nothing of the kind."

"I say it is."

"I' don't believe it."

"D' you think you know more about fowls than I, who have handled them ever since I was a nipper? I tell you all those birds that went to the Alpha were town bred."

"You'll never persuade me to that."

"Will you bet then?"

"It's merely taking your money, for I know that I am right. But I'll have a sovereign on it, just to teach you not to be obstinate."

The salesman chuckled grimly. "Bring me the books, Bill." said he. The small boy brought round a small, thin volume, and a great greasy-backed one, laying them out together beneath the hanging lamp. "Now, then. Mr. Coek-gure." said the salesman. "I thought that I was out of geese, but before I finish you'll find that there is still one left in my shop. You see this little book?"

"That's the list of the folk from whom I buy.

D'you see? Well, then, here on this page are the country folk, and the numbers after their names are where their accounts are in the big ledger. Now, then, you see this other page in red ink? Well, that is a list of my town sup-pliers. Now look at that third name. Just read it out to me."

ledger. Now, then, you see this other page in red ink? Well, that is a list of my town suppliers. Now look at that third name. Just read it out to ma."

"Mrs. Oakshott, 117 Brixton road, 249," read Holmes.

"Quite so. Now turn that up in the ledger." Holmes turned to the page indicated. "Here you are; Mrs. Oakshott, 117 Brixton road, egg and poultry supplier."

"Now, then, what's the last entry?"

"Dec. 22. Twenty-four geese at 7 and 6."

"Quite so. There you are, And underneath?"

"Oute so. There you are, And underneath?"

"Oute so. There you are, And underneath?"

"Now, then, what's the last entry?"

"Bed to Mrs. Windigate of the Alpha at twolve shillings."

"What have you got to say now?"

Sherlock Holmes looked deeply chagrined. He drew a sovereign from his pocket and threw it down upon the slab, turning away with the air of a man whose disgust is too deep for words. A few yards off he stopped under a lamp post, and laughed in the hearty noiseless fashion which was peculiar to him.

"When you see a man with whiskers of that cut, and the 'pink 'un' protruding out of his pocket you can always draw him by a bet," said he. "I dare say that if I had put a hundred pounds down in front of him that man would not have given me such complete information as was drawn from him by the idea that he was doing me on a wager. Well, Watson, we are, I fance, nearing the end of our quest, and the only point which remains to be determined is whether we should go on to this Mrs. Oakshott to night, or whether we should reserve it for to-morrow. It is clear from what that surly fellow said that there are others he sides ourselves who are anxious about the matter, and I should—"

His remarks were suddenly out short by a loud hubbub which broke out from the stall which we had just left. Turning round, we saw a little rat-laced fellow standing in the centre of the circle of yellow light which was thrown by the swinging lamp, while Breckin-ridge, the salesman, framed in the door of his stall, was shaking his flats derevely at the crin

ing figure.
I've had enough of you and your geese."

ing figure.

Tve had enough of you and your geese." he shouted. "I wish you were all at the devil together. If you come pestering me any more with your silly talk. I'll set the dog at you. You bring Mrs. Oakshott here and I'll answer her; but what have you to do with it?"

"No, but one of them was mine all the same." whined the little man.

"Well, then, ask Mrs. Oakshott for it."

"She told me to ask you."

"Well, you can ask the King of Proosia for all I care. I've had enough of it. Get out of this?" He rushed flercely forward, and the liquirer flitted away into the darkness.

"Ho, this may save us a visit to Brixton Road," whispered Holmes. "Come with me and we will see what is to be made of this fellow."

Striding through the scattered knots of people who lounged round the flaring stalls, my companion speedily overtook the little man and touched him upon the shoulder. He sprang round, and I could see in the gaslight that every vestige of color had been driven from his face.

"Who are you, then?"

"What do you want?" he asked in a quavering manner.

"You'll excuse me," said Holmes, blandly.

"What do you want?" he asked in a quavering manner.
"You'll excuse me," said Holmes, blandly,
"You'll excuse me," said Holmes, blandly,
but I could not help overhearing the questions which you put to the salesman just now,
I think that I should be of assistance to you."
"You; who are you? How could you know
anything of the matter?"
"My name is Sherlock Holmes. It is my
business to know what other people don't
know."

"My name is Sherlock Holmes, It is my business to know what other people don't know."

"But you can know nothing of this."

"Excuse me, I know everything of it. You are endeavoring to trace some geese which were sold by Mrs. Oakshott of Brixton road to a salesman named Breckinridge, by him in turn to Mr. Windigate of the Aipha, and by him to his club, of which Mr. Henry Baker is a member."

"Oh. sir, you are the very man whom I have longed to meet." cried the little fellow, with outstretched hands and quivering fingers. I can hardly explain to you how interested I am in this matter."

Sherlock Holmes hailed a four-wheeler which was passing.

"In that case we had better discuss it in a cosey room rather than in this wind-swept market place," said he, "but pray tell me before we go further who it is that I have the pleasure of assisting."

The man hesitated for an instant.
"My name is John Robertson." he answered, with a sidelong glance.
"No, no, the real name," said Holmes, sweetly. "It is always awkward doing business with an alias."

A flush sprang to the white cheeks of the

ly. It is always have an alias.

A flush sprang to the white cheeks of the at alias. Sprang to the white cheeks of the stranger. "Well, then," said he, "my real name is James Ryder."

"Precisely so; head assistant at the Hotel Cosmopolitan. Pray step into the cah, and I shall be abla to tell you everything you would wish to know." shall be able to tell you everything you would wish to know."
The little man stood glancing from one to the other of us with half-frightened, half-hopeful eyes, as one who is not sure whether he is on the verge of a windfall or of a catastrophe. Then he stepped into the cah, and in half an hour we were back in the sitting room at laker street. Nothing had been said during our drive, but the high, thin breathing of our new companion and the claspings and unclaspings of his hands spoke of the nervous tension within him.

within him.
"Here we are!" said Holmes, cheerily: and
we filed into the room.

fusing charity to the hosts of beggars that

grey whatever about the matter. Are you houng try whatever about the nature of the suggest that we turn our dinner into a supper, and follow up this clue while it is. By all means."

It was a bitter night, so we drew on our ulsters and wrapped cravats about our threats to the passes of the supper of the suppe

"Get back into your chair," said Holmes, steraly. "It is very well to cringe and crawinow, but you thought little enough of this poor Horner in the dock for a crime of which he knew nothing."

"I will fly, Mr. Holmes. I will leave the country, sir. Then the charge against him will break down."

"Hum, we will talk about that. And now lot us have a true account of the next act. How came the stone into the goose, and how came the goose into the open market? Tell us the truth, for there lies your only hope of safety."

Byder passed his tongue over his parched lips. "I will tell you it, just as it happened, sir." said he. "When Horner had been arrested it seemed to me that it would be best for me to get away with the stone at once, for I did not know at what moment the police might not take it into their heads to search me and my room. There was no place about the hotel where it would be safe. I went out, as if on some commission, and I made for my sister's house. She had married a man named Oakshott, and lived in Brixton road, where she fattened fowls for the market. All the way there, every man I met seemed to me to be a policeman, or a detective, and for all that it was a cold night, the sweat was pouring down my face before I came to the Brixton road. My sister asked me what was the matter, and why I was so pale, but I told her that I had been upset by the lewel robbery at the hotel. Then I went into the back yard and smoked a pipe, and wondered what it would be best to do.

"I had a friend once called Maudsley who went to the bad, and has just been serving his time in Pentonville. One day he had met me, and fell into talk about the way of thleves and how they could get rid of what they stole. I knew that he would be true to me, for I knew one or two things about him, so I made up my mind to go right on to Kilbura, where he lived and take him into my confidence. He would show me how to turn the stone into moner, But how to get to him in safety. I thought of the agonies I had gone of the ugin in coming from the h

showed me how I could beat the best detective that ever lived.

"My stater had told me some weeks before that I might have the pick of her geese for a Christmas present, and I knew that she was always as good as her word. I would take my goose now, and in it I would carry my stone to Kilburn. There was a little shed in the yard, and behind this I drove one of the birds, a fine big one, white, with a barred tail. I caught it, and prying its bill open, I thrust the stone down its throat as far as my finger could reach. The creature gave a gulp, and I felt the stone pass along its gullet and down sate its erop. But the creature flapped and struggled, and out came my sister to know what was the matter. As I turned to speak to her, the brute broke loose, and fluttered of among the others. Whatever were you doing with that bird. Jem // says she.

"Well," said I, 'you said that you would give me one for Christmas, and I was feeling which was the fattest."

"Oh, says she, we have set yours aside for you. Jem's bird, we call it. It's the big white one over yonder. There's twenty-six of them, which makes one for you and one for us and two dozen for the market.

"Thank you, Maggie, says I, 'but if it is all the same to you I would rather have that one that I was handling just now."

"The other is a good three pound heavier,' says she, 'and we lattened it expressly for you."

Never mind, I'll have the other, and I'll take the come and the come is the same to you. I would rather have that one that I was handling just now."

you, Never mind, I'll have the other, and I'll take it now, said I.

you, Never mind, I'll have the other, and I'll take it now, said I.

"Oh, just as you like, says she, a little huffel. Which is it you want then?"

"That white one with the barred tail right in the middle of the flock.

"Oh, very well, kill it and take it with you."

"Well, I did what she said, Mr. Holmes, and carried the hird all the way to Kilburn. I told my pai what I had done, for he was a man that it was easy to tell a thing like that to. He laughed until he choked upon it, and we got a knile and opened the goose. My heart turned to water; there was no sign of the stone, and I knew that some terrible mistake had occurred. I left the bird, rushed back to my sister's, and hurried into the back yard. There was not a bird to be seen there.

lieft the bird, rushed back to my sister's, and hurried into the back yard. There was not a bird to be seen there.

"Where are they all, Maggle? I cried.
"Gone to the dealer's, Jem."
"Which dealer's?
"But was there another with a barred tail,' I asked, 'the same as the one I chose?
"Yes, Jem. there were two barred tailed ones, and I could never tell them anart.'
"Well, then, of course I saw it all, and I off as hard as my feet would carry me to this man Breckinridge, but he had sold the lot at ones, and not one word would be tell me as to where they had gone. You heard him yourselves to-night. Well, he has always answered me like that. My sister thinks that I am myself. And now-and now I find myself a branded thief without ever having touched the wealth for which I sold my character. God help me! God help me!" He burst into convulsive sobbing, with his face buried in his hands. There was a long silence, broken only by his heavy breathing and by the measured tapping of Sherlock Holmes's finger tips upon the edge of the table. Then my friend rose and threw open the door.
"Get out!" said he.
"What, sir! Oh, heaven bloss you!"
"Ne more words. Get out!"
"And no more words. Get out!"

open the door.

"Get out!" said he.

"What, sir! Oh, henven bloss you!"

"No more words. Get out!"

And no more words were needed. There was a rush, a ciatter upon the stairs, the bang of a door, and the crisp rattle of running footfalls from the street.

"After all, Watson," said Holmes, reaching up his hand for his clay pipe, "I am not retained by the police to surply their defleiencies. If Horner were in danger it would be another thing, but this fellow will not appear against him, and the case must collapse. I suppose that I am compounding a felony, but it is just possible that I am saying a soul. This fellow will not go wrong again. He is too terribly frightened. Sending him to juil now will make him a jailbird for life. Besides, it is the season of forgiveness. Chance has put in our way a most whimsical and singular problem, and its solution is its own reward. If you will have the goodness to touch the belk, we will begin another investigation, in which also a bird will be the chief feature."

THE CLIE AND THE BISHOP.

always swarmed around him. In 1821, Alexander I. announced that he intended to visit Pensa; but if he knew the reception that was in store for him he would have tried some other town. The Governor sent the Chief of Police to the Bishop to request him to clean his palace before the ar-

rival of the Czar.
"All right," the Bishop said, "I can get the mud in front of the place cleared away, but where can I hide your head and the Governor's nead? It would be useless to bury them in the ground: the odor of your actions would

still permeate the whole place." Of course, the two officials were furious, but there was no help for them; Ambroise was there was no help for them; Ambrolse was too powerful. When the Czar arrived the Governor gave orders to the Archibshop to come with all his clergy and receive the Emperor at the front entrance to the cathedral; but that was just what he would not do. He massed his clergy with all their banners at a side door on the southern side. To the remonstrances of the Governor he replied; "I am the Archibishop, and I alone give orders here." The civil authorities were grouped at the front entrance. The Czar, naturally enough, went to the place where the banners were. There were some rather steep steps in front of the side door, and the Czar complained that his legs were weak, and that he would prefer to enter the church through some other door.

"Nonsense!" the Bishop exclaimed. "The weakness of your legs doeen't prevent you from dancing. Come!"

Selzing him by the arm the powerful Bishop yanked his Majesty up the steps. At the threshold the Czar bent down to kiss the image that the priest presented to him: but to the utternstonishment of the crowd the Bishop, still holding him by the arm, forced him to how down almost to the ground. The Czar thought that was enough, so he again attempted to kiss the image. "No! three times!" said the Bishop. The Czar retired to they and bow twice more before he was permitted to kies the holy image.

That, however, was only the beginning of his troubles. After having heard the fie Deum in the cathedral, the Czar retired to the apartments that had been carefully prepared for him by the Governor, and was about to enjoy his first nup when all the belis of the churches burst out with a terrille claugor. The Archibishop, accompanied by his chapter and an immense crowd, all chanting loud enough to too powerful. When the Czar arrived the Gov-

his first nup when all the bells of the churches burst out with a terrific clangor. The Archishop, accompanied by his chapter and an immense crowd, all chanting loud enough to take the roof off, presented himself before the Governor's residence, and announced his intention to purify the rooms occupied by the Czar, by sprinkling them with holy water, Alexander I, sent his adjutant to the terrible prelate to tell him that his Majesty was fatigued and was unable to receive him.

"You are the adjutant of the Czar of this earth," the Bishop said, "but I am the adjutant of the Czar of the carth," the Bishop said, "but I am the adjutant of the Czar of heaven."

The young man refused to admit him, and the mighty Bishop grabbed him by the collar, tossed him back thirty feet in the rear, and walked majestically into the Czar's room.

"I will have you arrested," the Governor shouted, in a furious rage.

"There is not power enough in the whole world, "the Bishop responded, "to arrest the cross of God."

Alexander had to submit. His rooms were the constant of God."

"There is not power enough in the whole world," the Bishop responded. "to arrest the cross of God."

Alexander had to submit. His rooms were thoroughly sprinkled, after which he was compelled to listen to an interminable sermon on the evils of self-love and the passion for luxury. On leaving the Emperor the Archbishop proceeded once more to the cathedral for the evening office. At 10 o'clock the bells rang out a second time. Then the Czar sent word to the Archbishop to stop the ringing of the bells for the third time, which was the old Bussian custom: but Ambrolse would not yield an inch. He was the adjutant of the Czar of heaven, and he would take no orders from a lesser potentate. So an hour later the bells began a dreadful racket for the third time.

The next morning his Majesty had to review his troops, and, as he wished to hear mass first, he despatched his Adjutant to the Bishop with an order to celebrate mass at 6 o'clock and make the services as brief as possible.

"Tell the Czar." Ambrolse said to the Adjutant, 'that service will be at 7 o'clock, as usual, and that it will be neither longer nor shorter than usual, but strictly according to the laws of the Church."

He kept his word. The Czar and his troops had to wait. Of course his Majesty had his revenge. Ambrolse was dismissed from his office and retired to a monastery; but that did not trouble him, for he had lived while Archbishop like the poorest monk in all Bussia.

A CRINESE WEDDING.

A Prolonged Ceremony in Oriental High Life

PENANO, East Indies, Nov. 15.—As a rule veddings are hardly worth attending, although they appear to be very much appreci-ated by some persons. They offer attractions very little better than a feneral, and are too stiff and formal for me, but I attended one yesterday that was really a novelty. My professional duties during a three months' so-journ in this beautiful little island in the Straits of Malacca have brought me in contact with several very wealthy and aristocratic Chinese families, including the family of his Highness Prince Klaw Sim Kong, the Rajah of Rennong. i. e., a prince of one of the provinces in the kingdom of Siam His daughter was the bride of the occasion. Like all moguls of the East, he believes in polygamy, and keeps a Chinese wife and family here and a Siameso wife and family in his own dominions. He vibrates between the two places as occasion seems to require I have also, in a professional way, become very friendly with a very nice family who had been invited, and through them an invitation was extended to me. I was very glad to avail myself of so rare a privilege, and of course accompanied them. We could witness only a small part of the wedding ceremonies, because marriages in the East require extensive preparations and festivities. The festivities extend over a period of sev-

eral days, and are conducted on a scale of great magnificence. The rich frequently spend great magnificence. The rich frequently spend fortunes in promoting them, and even the poor spend ten times more than they can afford. It is an occasion for which an Oriental opens his purse strings and becomes perfectly indifferent to expense. No matter how hard carned his money may be, or how much privation may have been required in order to save it, he lets it go in a reckless and extravagant manner; not, perhaps, because he really is indifferent to expense, but simply in obedience to the iron rule of custom, he reconciles himself to what appears to be the inevitable. It very often costs a man with a family of daughters half his wealth in providing for marriages. In India, among the Hindoos, daughters are married in early childhood, but the Chinese as a rule of not practise early marriages. A girl, however, after she is 12 or 13 years of age is confined to the house and not allowed to see a man on any account until her marriage. She stends all her time and energy preparing for that event. Her handlewer consists principally of very claborate beadwork for the decoration of the bridst chamber and slippers for her future lord and master. The beadwork represents years of patient industry. It is made of fine beads, which are placed together in very artistic designs, and is very protty, but it is too good to use.

The Celestials have the profound idea that a woman should not be educated, and therefore, as a rule, she is entirely illiterate. They surmise that in case she should be able to write she might communicate with the young men, might even become a party to a romantic elopement. Courtship is entirely unknown to the Orientals. All marriages are arranged in a matter-of-fact way by the old folks. If the parents of the would-be bride are rich, they make overtures to the parents of a suitable young man by employing some outside party to act as a go-between, or a professional match maker to carry to him a gold hairpin out of their daughter's chigned and the reference of the bride and proposition and they down the c fortunes in promoting them, and even the poor spend ten times more than they can afford. It

A Staiwart Prelate Who Would Not Obey the Orders of His Majesty.

Linked to the recent trial of the Archbishop of Aix, whose name, with all due respect for the good and plous prelate, is a staggerer for plain people on this side of the ocean, is an interesting bit of history which is travelling rapidly and extensively in French type. Mgr. Gouthe-Soulard is now no longer the ecclesiastical here of the hour. The Russian Bishop Ambroise of Pensa has taken his place, although he flourished seventy years ago.

Bishop Ambroise was an extraordinary man, renowned for the firmness of his character, the depth of his crudition, and the narrowness of his views. The son of a simple deacon, he owed bis elevation to his oratorical talent, his historical works, and especially his ascetic virtues. He lived in his episcopal palace with the nustere liabits that had endeared him to the people. He dressed like a simple peasant, lived in a cell in his palace, and his principal diet consisted of cabbage and radishes. In fact he fared like the poorest noughly, but for all that he had the strength of a giant. His salary of 8,000 or 10,000 roubles he distributed among the poor, giving right and left, and never refusing charity to the hoets of beggars that his pool, and the marker to carry to him a gold hairpin out of their daughter's chignon. If the scheme meeter with he parents of the young man represent more wealth, the opsole of the young man represent more wealth, the opsole of the young man represent more wealth, the opsole of the young man represent more wealth, the opsole that prove the profile sent in retained and a plain gold ring is sent in retained and a plain gold ring is sent in retained and a plain gold ring is sent in retained and a plain gold ring is sent in retained and a plain self signt in the spound and sour and the posture of the however, the parents of the prolimaries, the dates of the young man represent more wealth, the opsole and astronomical signs and wonders seems to give and retained and a good that plain the

through a ceremony, accompanied by doleful strains of music, in which she worships her parents and bids them good-by. Afterward her head is partly shaved, her teeth are flied down even, her hair is stiffened and adjusted in fantastic shape, her face is powdered and enamelled, and her lips are painted red. parents and bids them good-by. Afterward her head is bailty shaved, her teeth are flied down even, her hair is stiffened and adjusted in fantastic shape, her face is powdered and enamelled, and her lips are painted red, before it is con-lidered proper for her to receive her intended husland. On the day of the wedding the groom sends to the bride festal offerings, from which she selects what she wants and returns the rest, with presents of silpners, headwork, embroidery, jewelry, &c. A few hours afterward the groom sailles forth to meet the bride for the first time. That part of the ceremony is the most interesting and important, and we were permitted to see it.

When the procession was passing with the offerings in the morning I happened to be out, and I had a good view of it. The venerable old go-between, with his hoary beard, which is a very extraordinary appendage to a Chinaman—who must be a grandfather in order to be allowed to support one—was reclaining comfortably in an easy carriage surrounded by numerous retainers in fanciful coxtumes, bearing aloft a red canopy, large paper lanterns on poles, banners, and various devices, and a full band of musicians performing on unique instruments. They were necompanied by a large crowd of coolles carrying on their heads and shoulders presents and food on large red trays. One large hanging tray contained a dressed pig, another a dressed goat, another a display of wines and liquors, another a fine iot of large fresh fish, another half a hundred pairs of beadwork sliepers. Others contained dressed poultry, fruits, confectionery, and other rands. We arrived at the bride's residence, which is a very large and beautiful mansion handsomely furnished, about an hour and a baif before the groom came. We were received very politicly, and tea was brought immediately and placed before us. We were living an of the richest sik of rainnow colors, elaborately embroired and embedies of her calm, and they have been lined to be a great weight on the head and shoulders. Then she was led the missionary post. Father Dromaux set out ing the feast. They were brought on large of the feast. They were brought on large of the feast. They were brought on the broad of the feast. They prought out the bride, were twenty or thirty diamonds. The massive set are were twenty or thirty diamonds. The massive set are the feast that the set of the set of the feast of t

and took a sent in front of the family altar, facing the entrance. The altar is seen in every Chinese house. On either side of the large room was a row of chony chairs, inleid with marble and mother-of-pear), that had been reserved for the guests, who remained outside. Two functionaries were stationed on either side of the entrance door, each with a large brass gong in his hand, and as a guest brass gong in his hand, and as a guest brass gong in his hand, and as a guest brass gong. A guest was received by the groomsmen, who rushed at him, protruding their doubled fists and craning their necks in a manner that suggested a challenge to a sparring or buiting match. He responded in like manner. They continued to shake their fists and shrug their shoulders and waitz about the room for a couple of minutes, and then conducted the guest to a seat at one side of the groom. Another guest would enter, and the groom and placed in a seat on the opposite side of the room facing the previous guest.

After about half a dozen guests land been namner and placed in a seat on the opposite side of the room facing the previous guest.

When the guests had assembled a little boy a brother of the bride, I believe, who appeared to act as best tyoung) man of the occasion, and was fancifully attired in yellow silk pantsioons and very ornamental robes, brought to the groom a couple of eags, which he pocketed coelly. He gave to the youngster in return a piece of money wrapped in a piece of red paper. Tea, followed by other courses, was brought and served to all the guests. In distributing the cups from a large tray the servant did not pass along the line from one to another, but vibrated back and forth across t

is not a prudish old maid, but a buxom young widow.

A special feast was prepared for the bride and groom, and they sat down together, took up their chop sticks, and pretended to eat. It was a hollow mockery, for they did not eat a mouthful. Neither did they look at each other or speak a word. After that farce the groom arose and cleared out without even bidding the bride adieu, and all the guests departed, to return again in the evening. The bride was then taken away for a bath, previous to the evening reception of the bride-groom, and we departed.

R. H. L.

ATROCITIES NEAR TANGANYIKA.

Hundreds of Helpless Captives Murdered by

Stories of remarkable atrocities committed recently by slave raiders near Lake Tanganyika, have reached Europe. They would seem almost incredible if their accuracy was not vouched for by missionaries on the ground. These statements have been laid before the African Society at Cologne, and have been pub ished by the authorities of that society with the statement that the stories are perfectly

correct. One of the missionaries writes that on Nov. last 2,000 bound slaves coast of Tanganyika. Karema is now a mision station, though it was founded by King Leopold about twelve years ago, as the extreme eastern post of the Congo Free State. The Arab raiders were led by Makutubu, one of the well-known Arab chiefs east of Tanganyika. The slaves had been brought from 100 to 150 miles south and southwest of the big lake. The seaccast markets being cut off. the Arabs sell their slaves among the native tribes along the shores of the lake. They had purchased the slaves for a song or captured them without any cost save for ammunition, and as human flesh was so exceedingly cheap they cared nothing about preserving the lives of those who fell by the way during the forced marches or who succumbed on ac-

count of meagre rations.

On his way to the lake Makutubu decided to get rid of all who impeded the march. At Lusuko, in order that his caravan might advance with greater haste, he drowned about 100 old women and little children. Two days later his caravan experienced a fresh hindrance. Many of the poor slaves had become so enfeebled by the rapid rate of march that they could go no further. Massacres, of which people in civilized countries can form little conception, followed. As fast as a slave succumbed he was knocked in the head with a club and left dead. The story of the atrocities went on in advance of the caravan and reached the missionary post. Father Dromaux set out at once, in order if possible to save some of the poor people from the fate that threatened